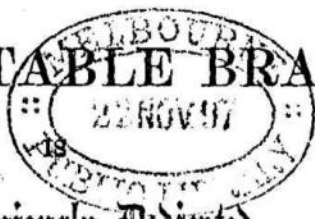


1850
TO
BOURKE'S STATUE

THIS
APPROPRIATE EFFUSION
OF
UNPROFITABLE BRASS



Unceremoniously Dedicated,

BY
ICHNEUMON,

ANXIOUS TO
INSTRUCT HIS GRANDMOTHERS
IN
THE INDUCTIVE SCIENCE
OF
SUCKING EGGS.

✓



"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us."

Alumni of the South : I fain would sing
The pompous asses and their blustering
Whose acts obey the vice versa law
Reflecting lustre from mere men of straw
Who, like the laughing jackass, cachinnate }
In silly chatter to the chair of state }
Where sculptors model so securely sate,— }
Where deepest jet, the purest pearl, outvies
Nature still constant in anomalies
And "Honest man, God's noblest work," a name
Unknown in annals of this House of Fame—
More lofty verse for such were penned in vaen
Each pick his portrait in pure doggrel strain.—
Let stern reality my picture fill
Forego the lovely for the literal
My metre as my tone play as I please
With varied tints, as Autumn paints the trees.—
Let me invoke, dread Nemesis, thy aid
Thy coin flow freely where the debt is paid
Oh ! may this nobbler bright my muse inspire
And guide my goose quill thro' thy maze,—Satire,—

* Apples of Sodom fair outside, dirt to the core.

First on the Stage, drag am'rous Charley forth
 Of stolid countenance in mirth or wrath,
 Whose blue bagged jowl proclaims his boasted tree,
 The Dead sea* fruit of bastard ancestry ;—
 Clever to "tip the silk" give double thong
 Or *chalk* out cherubs a là Mittagong—
 This pilot, England's choice, to guide the helm
 Corrupt a people and confound a realm,
 Where Nature's gifts were all that man could have,
 Each stream Pactolus, Commerce on the wave,
 Wise were such choice, did wine and wassail bring
 The attributes pertaining to a King ;
 Wise were the choice, did ignorance decree
 Weal, worth, and blessing to posterity ;
 Wise *is* the choice, blind mortals slow to know,
 Where foulest sewer, the richest crop must grow ;
 Virtue and Justice prove etceteras here
 Where vice is rampant, Wisdom sheds a tear.—
 Unhappy Land ! where every post is sold
 Where wives work wonders, woman versus gold,
 Where lust and passion find an easy prey,
 For mothers pander for a monster's pay ;
 Husbands devour the bread that beauty buys,—
 Oh ! drop the veil o'er past atrocities—
 As Fouché spoke of some voluptuous halls
 Those deeds, re-echo our vice-regal halls
 As o'er Pompeian stews 'neath sign of brass
 Be blazoned here ("hic habet felicitas")—
 Oh look around, where this mis-govern'd land
 Shews, labor lost, engraved on every hand,
 Should any pile rear loftier roof on high
 There spilt the blood of convict dynasty—
 Now Farmers-General vegetate at ease,
 The driv'ling dotards but increase their fees,
 Lessen the lustre of Great Britain's name,
 While virtue blushes, deepest blush of shame ;
 The land were happy with no farther harm,
 Nor envy we the ordure of their farm—
 Glorious achievement of two lustrums peace

Raised six score ducks and half a hundred geese,
 Well pampered ease its golden eggs may hoard
 Geese throng around, as well as on the board—
 If in tradition there be truth at all
 Here's the right stuff to save the Capitol
 Nor our fierce Yeomen and brave Volunteers
 Anticipate a grateful nations tears,
 Unborn the Rooshuns Sydney rifles kill
 And troopers *charged* but in their *tailor's bill*
 Oh blazes ! 'twere a goodly sight to see
 The town turn out its troops of Cavalry
 All daring riders on their lamp-post steeds
 Both man and horse unique in divers breeds,
 The moustache movement proves the only one
 The gallant Yeomanry has ever done——
 When Rooshans come ; shall follow Polar bears
 The shaggy races will descend in pairs
 And make reprisals on some stormy day
 On Perouse monument, in Botany Bay—
 Well did Macdonald (ere he cut) foresee,
 On that dread day a bloodless victory,
 The parole "*sauve qui peut*" proclaims their fate,
 The troopers rally round the turnpike gate ;
 The pikeman opens, (tipped with ample pay),
 And running Riflemen point out the way.

Pass Vizier Deass who with aspect mild
 Could charm a servant or beguile a child,
 Low cunning was your forte ; yea, 't is confest,
 Experience colonial forged you best,
 Amid the sneaks who pandered to the chief
 To court a courtesan or cloak a thief—
 All selfish interest thine,—I've yet to know
 What you have done without quid pro quo ?
 From earliest times when gifts of early purl
 Poured on each mistress in delightful whirl,
 To when the more sedate and crafty Turk
 Sacked his Zenana to embrace a Bourke—
 For such as thou I have no time to spare

You've left the land, and where, none know nor care
 Stop where you are, 'twill be Australia's gain
 Your pension pilfer, don't come back again.—

What modern Œdipus the riddle solves
 That riddle on whose con the weight devolves,
 To raise or lower the steelyard of the state
 To ink to Zero or to raise it Great :—
 Cold sweats 'tis said reduced him two stone less
 Since Cowper's motion plunged him in a mess—
 Had he but kept to cutlets and small beer
 With tongue fast fettered, he had nought to fear
 But mad ambition and the greed for gain
 Have proved at once his antidote and bane—
 He too be pensioned for his work and worth,
 Of such live stock may Sydney have a dearth—
 A wondrous digit is that number nine ;
 In mystic circle or the magic line
 Others than Wizard of the North divine
 That 6 inverted still is number nine ;
 But when applied to bonded eau de vie
 A light clears up a seeming mystery,
 'Tis true yet strange that wonders never cease
 From herbs of Holloway to Bruin's grease
 The simples' virtue and the pure supply
 Like statesman Riddle, turn out "*all my eye*,"
 And "*Betty Martin*" Martin great in song—
 Who solved this *riddle*?—*Profits Dan and Long.*

The cork is drawn the Treasurer's bottled lore
 Now pours in bumpers from his cellar'd store
 Old classic cribs are conjured from the dust
 But countless folios won't remove the rust,
 Spell, Spout, and splutter for your hireling clan
 Your peroration ends where you began——

Haste dummy Stirling quick your harness doff
 Ere upstart Denison should lug it off
 (But little wisdom Downing-street I fear
 Translates this quondum Gaoler-General here

Whether 'tis *freeman*, whether bondman write }
 Or breed or color Hubert *can* indict }
 High cockalorumtibi ends in fight,— }
 No rivets here, no iron to rust the soul
 Despite of despot or his chains control)——
 Erst rummy Lord of Stills, Church, Infant lands
 Why trust your footing on these vile quicksands
 Where weight of M. O. only sinks you deep
 In mire you wade, but have not strength to leap ?
 Go ; learn the fable of the Bull and Frog
 Ye worthy worshippers of Guildhall Gog*

Alas ! unlike the worthy plodding soul,
 Who chased, in harness down the fleeting gaol,—
 As eager youth pursued the Iris bound,
 The more he searched, more distant it was found,
 Lithgow ; full well performed your thankless part—
 Your sole reward, a sound and honest heart—
 That gladsome conscience, deeds not words impart,—
 Let seasons roll ; when history begin ::
 And rumour trumpets every heinous sin—
 When all embezzlement is blazon'd broad—
 Your firm integrity shall fame record ;
 When bribes were barbed and virtuous, vilest deeds
 A rara avis midst a herd of thieves——
 May happy age succeed unblemished youth,
 And Fortune's favors once repay the truth.——

See him of aspect dire and haughty gait
 As though himself were a triumvirate,
 Who dreams of honors, forges Bomerang screws
 And wakes in anger Camöens lofty muse
 Who damns the language that cooked such rhyme
 (To spoil the *Lusiad* were a heinous crime :)
 Your childish choler but provokes a sneer,
 And makes you small, the very smallest beer,

* Those who remember the figures of Gog and Magog in Guildhall, London, will at once acknowledge the striking resemblance in feature and intellect.

With Sisypheic attempts Fame's temple try
 No niche is there for eccentricity ——
 High roads *Colossus* once was yours the power
 To move each bullock team as coach and four.
 Why did you fail, when yours the ironed man
 To make the "high hills hop" as hop'd "Bashan?"
 Go grave your maps, in survey you succeed
 Where praise is worthy, let me grant the meed,
 Thousands of men and money shout for land
 But here as elsewhere work is at a stand.—

Let Customs Chief sedately take his place,
 Midst waning moon-calves shew one gibbous face,
 'Tis true no Pylian's mantle did descend
 To guide his eloquence, his peers defend,
 But cast amid this heterogeneous race,
 A man midst Chimpanzees—quite out of place—
 He does his work sans peur et sans reproche
 And dont embezzle to display a coach.—

What umbrella major now appears
 And takes his seat quite overcome by fears?
 What pale timidity sits on his brow
 As though his heart anticipates a row
 Clever to plead for place, or lick a plate
 To cough in Council, or to clean a grate,
 From lowest grade this Magnate's riz so high
 He quite forgets his proud antiquity.—
 Tried every *post* he now the *master* rules
 And misdirects the foolery of fools ——
 Hoard up your money while 'tis easy earned
 No distant day, the tables must be turned.—

See Pinchgut member fumble at the door
 In case his comates aint gone in before
 A precious mull he made the other day
 To vote by accident the other way,——
 How ludicrous the nod, the beck, and wink
 Come here, "no there," "'tis right forment, I think;"

Belay at Bellamy's, imbibe the *cheer*,
 The only sort you'll ere call forth I fear ;
 Your flunkey stepson hover on your wake,
 And flush your intellect with ale and cake ;
 Port Curtis Barataria missed your rule
 And Sancho Panza mounts again his mule—

Oh "cloud Capt." Brownne, oh, passim H.H.B.
 What Demon tempted me to scribble thee ?
 Oh ! whipper-in at tail of every hound
 Where'er the carcase, you are surely found,—
 Ships mate yourself, a mate you found at sea,
 That one bright gleam reveals thy history,
 Proclaims the interest vested in the land
 Your step-sire's mantle must on you descend—
 Dead Reck'ning proves the acme of your skill
 While living Immigrants your pockets fill,—
 Why Sydneyites so long can harbor thee
 Looms in my mind a sorry mystery.——

Supreme Attorney, oracle of law
 I fain a veil would o'er your portrait draw
 Those shrivelled features, indices of brain
 Pronounce, that Bigotry will prove your bane,
 The Jesuits cunning dictates every move
 And Roman tramples on the *Sydney Cove*——
 Great J.P. architect, be warned, beware,
 Who live by logic, need to split a hair
 Your Magistrates, the benches well adorn
 Curs, caitiffs, cuifs, a byeword and a scorn.—
 'Tis true some read, some write, or drink or swear
 All barter justice, where all tip is fair
 The master grinds the man—'tis snob prevails
 E'en Jilks would fail to regulate the scales.—
 Homage to beauty and to talent's due
 From Irish Judges and Attorney's too,
 Whether on stage or at drop scene they act
 More pride of place were meet (a stubborn fact)
 Than panegyric pen at any price,
 Or keep a hostile for a cantatrice.——

Pronounced just as you please, but it will rhyme
 In Sydney dialect and ding-dong chime.—
 For shame ! for shame ! good Cuthills name refuse
 And brand "The Foundlings" the itinerant muse
 Let Tommy Barker put his fortune down
 And shine a second Heriot in renown
 Then may St. Barker puppefy the town—
 Euphonious is the name of Tommy B.
 Euphonious his colonial history
 Chief Justice and Chief Miller thick as thieves
 Antithesis of our antipodes.—

Solicitor "ethereal mildness come,"
 'T is sweet from out the d——d to rescue some,
 Your foibles are weak man's, 't were painful praise
 To hold you honest in these golden days,
 When honesty's reward is Fortune's frown,
 So trite the fact it has a proverb grown,
 'T is strategy, not strength, that lands the trout,
 All cut, like Poleaxe but—they're not found out.
 You're rather prosy, full stop, and hum drum,
 A trifle that besides your comrade's *mum*,
 Ryan's happy answer, written on your heart,
 Shows repartee may sometimes good impart,
 Your tongue be tempered, nor o'eract in farce,
 He heaves no stones, whose house is built of glass—

So now I've handled all the hireling hacks,
 (Fine steel heeds not the harness on their backs)
 I 'll wipe the blade o'er every paltry loon
 And speak to Speaker in his proper tune—
 Look where he sits ensconced in ample chair,
 A jackal silent in a lion's lair—
 'T is by the gross that nature breeds such things,
 Insects of even that have cast their wings,
 All, all alike, without a plume to soar,
 But armed with weapons, sharp to sink them lower,
 Tho' versed in all, being no detective spy,
 Some secrets I will spare publicity,

"Sat me lusisti," in some evil hour
 Creature of fortune ; you, may well feel her power—

Cyclopiian Goneworth, Sydney's godlike man
 Who chaos banished. when her day began,
 You have have had yours—as every dog enjoys,
 Till hunger's sated and the carrion cloy—
 I'll not be personal, nor say one word
 Of fiction, no, nor of the facts I've heard—
 Posterity s hall judge your vaunted deeds
 Told oft and hopeless as are penance beads,
 The "bloody head," as Darling left the shore,
 Can't smear your conscience, 'twas but bullock's gore,
 Revenge were cowardly that woman scares,
 But craft, not courage, is the game of bears,
 Oh ! changeling soul, oh selfish renegade,
 You'd sell your country and youelf degrade—
 Eschew the past, vice-regal vices ape
 Thersites, crooked in thy ways as shape—
 Fair Norfolk Isle, the climate of thy birth
 For ever chain thee to thy native hearth—
 Look on this picture "*useless Highland boors*,"
 See, now the gillies urge him o'er the moors,
 The wornout debauchee, now knows *their worth*
 Did they know *his* he'd get a pleasant berth,
 "Wine bibber," look, lest you o'erleap the goal,
 "Thou dog in forehead, but a hart in soul"

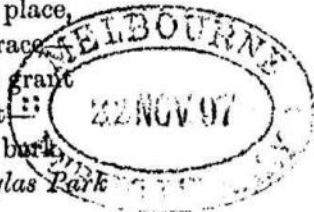
Show, noisy charlatan, thy "gig lamp" face,
 Thy hearers titillate with low grimace—
 While Sawney saws and ribald jests you try,
 Each joke, a type of Scotch vulgarity,—
 As bad's the best—I grant you first in nouse
 Most learned, Rev. Doctor in the House
 To *pec* or speculate with you the same,
 Both rant and banter seem a winning game.
 The epitaph on Francis Chartres do
 For all your tribe, especially for you, }
 And has some novelty in being true—
 In all the phases of your past career,

No hypocrite or Prodigal appear—
 Consummate impudence forbade the one,
 And downright meanness, would the other shun.

Come Camel of the wharf, spit forth your spleen,
 Swear black is white, avow that white is green,
 Say gold's not gold, but metal's base alloy
 Pert opposition of an illtrained boy,
 The twits and twaddle of a school debate,
 Shine bright in archives of your infant state,—
 Augæan's stables need Herculean broom
 Both thews and sinews of a stalwart groom—
 Go sell your slops, sand-sugar in your store,
 Nor heed the breakers that in distance roar,
 Which shall o'er-whelm Gomorrha in a tide
 Unstemmed by Canute ; 't is in vain you tried,
 Receding waters sweep the filthied shore
 And leave *the present* but a tale of yore.—

Mark well that fussy pursy starch frilled breast,
 That frets and fumes,—a working tub of yeast
 To rise itself, or sour the pauper's bread
 Worse luck,—or lead had ballasted its head.—
 Whose greasy skin reflects the fawning bow
 That toadies to his Coogee patrons ; *Lo !*
 The twin Hermophrodite's some years ago—
 What come again to squirt at random range
 Its foul saliva,—badinage on change,
 How coarse vulgarity proclaims its caste
 The parvenu—still striving to be fast—
 'T is S, A, D, sad brand to squatter's known,
 Whom oft it pilfered, and thro' whom 't is grown,
 The shameless sham, the cautious coward cur,
 That blasts the land as doth the Bathurst burr—
 'T was Chilian horse imports the noxious weed,
 The fates forbid ass propagate its breed,
 The patriot Pict who sowed the thistle down
 Compared with this, were Curtius in renown.—

In state palaver, scalpless Doctor's join,
 Prone to prescribe their quack "*Great Medicine*
 Of *brandy pawnee tribe* these warriors bold
 To bleed, shave, chatter as their craft of old—
 Oh! shade of Grattan can thy wraith now see
 The tricks of namesakes in posterity?
 A Douglass to the rescue—echo calls,
 Oh "walls have ears"—not so the Council halls—
 Your idol, vulgar Goneworth, squints not there
 Greek fire falls feebly on the classic chair,
 Your finger in the pie on every side
 Unless its served at feast of Barmicide,
 Euphonious language loves Hibernian lung
 And blandest blarney proves Milesian tongue
 Bounce and bombast will elbow in a place,
 Or you're not scion of your father's race.
 A pile, you pocket from Macquarie's grant
 That Bill of Billy's realized the plant
 The bone digested, loud the lurchers bark,
 And town uncanny, springs up *Douglas Park*
 As Santa Fé before Boabdil's walls,
 So rise the outlines of ancestral Halls,
 Sure Paddy's beat beneath Australian sky
 Trace the patrician from prosperity.—



What ass is this? Assassin's near the mark
 That aims his venom'd arrow in the dark?
 Cadaverous beat of palish lurid hue
 Arch your sire Deacon,—arch indeed are you }
 Needs give to Parson, as to Deil, his due— }
 (The Cape of Hope relates an oft told tale
 The Table mount still breathes the warriors wail—
 No Menelaus there avenge *her* charms
 And Holy men discard recourse to *arms*,
 A second flame shall fulminate from Jove,
 And vet'ran gunner lights the match of love,
 Strange is the story, strange indeed if true,
 May "Caller herrin" be rehearsed anew)—
 You'd drag a railway over pet Church-hill,

You phantom Hudson all devoid of skill—
 "Proud science never taught your soul to stray"
 Farther than Camden and its milky way,—
 Black is the heart beneath that pallid skin,
 Malevolence wrinkles in a fiendish grin,
 False to your friend, *a friend* you'll never have,
 Your life a lie—a lie will point your grave ;
 Who would confide in you must hope in sin,
 For Satan hovers where your steps have been.—
 Of all that's grovelling, dirty, low or bad
 You stand the vilest—what I say, I've said——
 Lisp not your lies aloud, nor cock sure crow
 Lest horsewhip second, what my words avow
 Foul daub avaunt, false colour fling afar
 Nor devil blast you blacker than you are.—

Come creole Darewell, make your game I pray,
 Vote stakes too low !—we'll dash at higher play—
 No Constitution monger buy your vote
 'Twould spoil the speech that mem'ry got by rote
 Speak to the point and be not so verbose,
 To be too stiff's as bad as too jocose
 Some merit in a way to you pertains,—
 'T is no great matter—you can count your grains—
 In Darewell's chambers met a motley group
 With necks outstretched like geese enclosed in coop,
 Gasping to gobble up the words that fell
 (Like pearls 'mid swine) from astute Ante-Te,ll——
 As in this wondrous land all works contraire
 The lazy loungers, that had mustered there,
 Startle ; as eloquence from Bayley burst,—
 " We are here to canonize our Charles the First
 Great Charles the Martyr to a golden pile
 Who suffered ;—but from overflow of bile,—
 Who if he did no good did no great harm
 A bell all powerless to create alarm ;—
 Where is the mob not even Fairfax here
 Nor yet his wife ? no ; " too much wit " I fear ;—
 Each testimonial now the last outvies

Following the current course of courtesies,—
 For length of residence of kin or kith
 Take for one instance that of Throsby Smith
 Whose name melodious has so famous grown
 That the Lake songsters warble it alone."——
 Then cast Saint Charles in rich Corinthian brass }
 A grand finale to an eight years farce }
 And every Pandarus———.
 The lazy constables the vellum bear
 And force in terror each hind's signature,—
 The clans are roused ; forth goes the burning brand
 Loud swells the *Mort* note o'er Australia's strand
 Far o'er the waves reverberates the horn,
 For the last time ; a going, going, gone.——

What *Martin* this that chirps about the Hall
 For ever piping with new note for all ?—
 Stare stupid M. C.'s. at research so dry,
 And which alone wont shine in orat'ry—
 That flippant Police Court style just cast aside
 And manliness will many a defect hide——
 Demosthenes selects some seamew shore
 And would outroar the breakers in their roar
 While pebble mouthed he thus his stammer cures
 Like like begets 't will do the same for yours
 Tyro as yet—you'll play the Stateman's game
 Perchance may occupy a niche in fame,—
 Integrity of purpose, strength of mind,
 Will leave your lubber compeers far behind——

Hail native *Nichalls* gift with common sense
 Of vig'rous mind and sober diligence,
 Of various talent, fit for better cause
 Than pettifogging in our antique laws—
 As you have felt the kindly aid of Jews
 Plead for their Rabbi nor the tin refuse,
 In every skirmish ; in the van you stood
 Your acts intended for your country's good.—

Hit *Murray* hard, thou man of solemn mood
 Of lengthened visage and of rectitude

Whose deep drawn sighs (unlike thy beard) have growo
 To echo Werter's sorrows, with thine own—
 What though you tire the nobblerising throng
 With fragments dragging their slow length along,
 For lack of eloquence, shall worth atone,
 Your mein is manly and your mind your own.—

Bear with me Rufus, I would tribute pay
 Ere yet I terminate my transient lay,
 To noble candour, honesty of heart,
 One framed to exercise a beiter part—
 Oh know thyself—timidly eschew,
 What virtue prompts dont hesitate to do
 Avoid cabals, the cliques of vicious clime
 Await the advent of a better time,———
 With genius bonnd, and manhood gone to grass
 If vice don't prosper, write me down an ass.—

Come generous Bland the good, the kind, the friend,
 In whom a host of genuine virtues blend
 How loud erst while thy voice in stern debate
 Controlled the Council or opposed the State,
 Why hast thou slumbered? to when Australia's prow
 Moored to the shore confronts thy frosty pow
 While tim'rous pilot dreads to launch the boat
 Which craven crimped crew could not set afloat—
 What crotchet now inflames your vivid brain?
 Steam o'er the calm and face the breeze again
 Heed not the chilliness of nob's grown cold
 Time may destroy, but cannot make *you* old.

Up puppet vender, play the marionette
 Your mighty passions, puff in constant fret
 At silly trifles, Gabo and its oil
 May they in turgid indignation boil———
 Oi polloi crawlers claim their hideous God
 A grateful "*Empire*" breathes but at his nod,
 Vulgarity of person, action, soul,
 Proves him not ablest, that may reach the goal—

The mammoth press the Daily's of the town
 Our poor old "*Granny*" and *Parkesennery's* own }
 Y'clept the '*Empire*;' both of like renown,
 As clever to misquote: when scant of news
 Fill filthy columns from the Sydney stews—
 Should aught original here find a place
 *It would the vilest venal pen disgrace——

The *Kempian torso*! future students hail
 With anxious query, had the thing a tail?
 A future Owen striking at the root,
 Shall mend the monster, reconstruct the brute,
 And prove the best of *Megatherium* brood
 Of waddling habits, and waste paper food,
 Of wondrous action, startled seal at bay
 Legs! thy asymptotes,—*Hyperbola*!!!
 (Which as the erudite M. C.'s don't know
 Ever approach tho' meeting proves no go†)——
 All know the tale of the *Kilkenny* cats
 Whose wars intestine spare the breed of rats
 For, as poor pussy at its neighbour rails
 Both disappear, and lo! a pair of tails—
 So shall *Parkesennery* from intestine flights
 Leave to post-science but his co-prolites.—

Is this an Atheist that my fancy drew
 Or Moslem, Parsee, Pariah, or Jew?
 Prophetic typical of your renown
 Is that skew bridge that lately tumbled down
 The keystone speech so archly done by you
 That it might finish as commenced askew——
 With such fatality; predestined work
 In future hail it as the *Brig 'o Turk*——
 Soi disant Hakim,—versed in Bailey law
 Where monster's guineas buy his feline paw }
 To play with murder or to find a flaw,

* The terms "step in the right direction" "crying evil" and "besetting sin" form a constant, wherewith to calculate a Leader for the Sydney Morning Herald.

† It is a fact that even in the dialect of the best Sydney society certain admixture of slang is necessary to be understood.

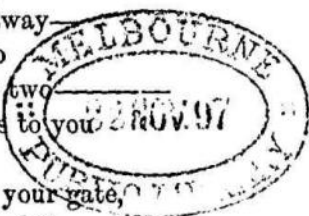
Who brags of Cockney trips to Palestine
 A feat as simple as ascend the Rhine,
 Munchausen fires his shots in far Darfur
 "Hic niger est"—too sceptical for Moor.—

Come peerless parson, to my lesson lest
 'Cute cyclone circler, sage, geologist——
 The North Shore witlings may behold 'tis true
 A Lyell or a Murchison in you
 Or, in St. Leonard's Sunday fervour feel
 In pulpit eloquence, you beat McNeil——
 When Moses struck the rock with rod of old
 Water gushed forth—yours, yields us virgin gold.
 While savans differ as to divers sorts,
 Believe that rock, the patronyme of quartz——
 More versatile than Moses in your way
 Break rocks, commandments, or prescribe to pray.
 Do ! churlish churchman double U.B.C.
 Don't strive to prove the World's Directory
 Newton, self-styled a child upon the shore
 Collecting pebbles ; you are far before——
 Map unknown spheres, control the Comet's course
 And brand the winged Pegasus your horse——

Bleak house blears blindly o'er Eliza's Bay
 Chill as the owner's hospitality
 No music there save weeping willows sigh,
 And wavelets ripple murm'ring lullaby,
 Chance pic nic pilgrim*, seeking scallop shell
 Draws down in dudgeon this high Admiral.
 "Flotsom and jetsom on these shores are mine,
 Hark to my deep mouthed bloodhounds sanguine whine"—
 Too selfish, greedy, puffy, and effête
 For Council squabbles or a world's debate
 This Hermit next appears upon my list,
 Oh, tiresome twaddle of the naturalist

* I leave to the Antiquary to decipher the ancient badge of the
 Pilgrim Fathers of N.S.W. An arrow head with the letters P B
 over B O under.

Or Natural—for aught that we can know
 As where there's talent, it must surely show.
 Why, slavish parasites make such a fuss
 'Bout pseudo garden of Alcinous? —————
 Self only dwells in this Cimmerian Bay.
 Where, (if 'tis true what meddling tabbies say)
 This Polyphemus doth with Polly play,
 And snakes and adders usher in the day.
 What Cerberus bloodhounds closely guard the gates
 Where solitary gourmand vegetates,
 Prates of past turtle steaks and "codger" whales
 Such spicy food and racywit prevails,
 And as the Persian pig of former day
 Boasts all he has eaten he can take away—
 Could he but see himself as others do
 His consequence would drop a peg or two
 Christendom's eighth Champion;—'tis to you
 This ladies album epigram is due
 Which Barkers flunkey picked up at your gate,
 And gave Miss —————; for a perquisite—
 "Not steeped in gore Religion's flag, when woman was
 the cause
 Of deadly feud, of nations fall, of devastating wars
 Now Superstition drains the blood—not woman's stolen
 kiss
 Still beauty lurks in maiden's smile, *yet all that's wrong's
 a miss.*"
 Ho, Cavalier servente to the dame,
 Of feather flirting, and Shakspearian fame,
 Whose little deaf uxorious husband whines,
 As passing years increase the antler's tynes——
 Here are rehearsed the joys of senile bliss,
 Conned from the mysteries of Eleusis
 And Lupercalia, here the game outvies
 Of Dives doating o'er love's tragedies——
 'T were well, that at that memorable play
 The dark avengers were so far away,
 Or else that ugly scull were bare to-day
 As the poor Islander's, (Ben Boyd's they say)——



Museums may reject the filthy lot
 I'll mount the skull a novel * *
 What matter? filled; more fertile than its brains
 'T will scatter plenty, not hoard up its gains—
 Among the rubbish, for the Paris show,
 See here one thing from which some blessings flow
 Shown with marsupial Australian fleas;
 View Mammon's skull, from the antipodes————

Realm vies with realm in fashion and haut ton
 The modern Cyclop strives with Solomon——
 In solemn silence, the Jew's temple rose,
 As was commanded, and tradition shows
 Our commerce temples cause a world's uproar,
 And steam-struck anvils ring from shore to shore.
 Now lightning wafts the message round the World,
 And man o'er sea o'er land by steam is whirled
 While the sun paints with undissembling ray
 Progressive labor of each toilsome day——
 From Taprobane, gems and ivory wend,
 And Tarshish still her sunny gifts shall send;
 While Worlds unknown transmit the precious ore,
 In masses Ophir never dreamt of yore;——
 But *apes* are shipped from classic Sydney Cove,
 As supercargoes of its treasure trove;
 Samples from Goshen to enlighten France,
 Baboonsin brains as well as countenance——
 Full many a Hiram's master mason there
 A Tubal Cain prove each artificer,
 Boaz and Jachin rise on vapours breath
 And domes ascend with magic *shibboleth*——

Start not star gazer P. P. K. RN.
 We ne'er can contemplate your like again
 In Logs, proportionals, in you, are seen
 Both him of Merchiston, and Maskelyne,—
 So say the Dons,—and I am over quick
 To grant full measure to a Lunatic,—
 For transits, fluxions, calculus combin'd

Evince an intellect of no common kind,
 Of varied craft, kaleidoscopic soul
 Fix Astral Systems, point the Astral Pole
 The motto of marines, "by land or sea"
 In truth pertains as equally to thee ;
 Lords of the Isles the same ;—'t is no strange thing
 For are not you of Southern Isles, the King ?
 But not the monarch of your survey'd coast
 Or, you 'ld ne'er wander now a hapless Ghost,
 Of what men took you for,—perchance preserv'd
 That blind Observatory where nought's observ'd
 Where double lunars a la thumb and nose
 Salute the traveller who thither goes,
 To offer smoke at Cloacinas shrine
 Or other purposes Stubbs can devine——
 Says Watts, all knowledge no man can acquire
 But you have leisure, and you are for hire,—
 Resolve the nebulae, fate o'er you flung
 Your eye not yet as palsied as your tongue.
 No, naught is new in this siderial sky
 Phenomenon in our Astronomy !!—
 What hardships Halley dared for science sake,
 And younger Herschell—follow in his wake.——
 Apt cases multiply (go search the schools)
 Of genius jaded to unlighten fools
 Alas you've listed in the Club-fool-clique
 Of which worn subject I am sorely sick
 If not dead-locked the tablets of your brain
 No need to take your altitude again.——

Of would-be cognoseenti there is one
 (I bide my time, at present partly dumb,)

Who quite devoid of talent, feeling, sense,
 Assumes a borrowed, jackdaw consequence
 A semi-layman churchman, he would ape,
 And tire his clients as he tied his tape—
 So while the time-book scores a double fee
 His victim's tortures with strange poetry,
 In dogg'el couplets ;—vile tractarian stuff

Ill patient's stomach belches, quantum suff,
 Cogs from old tomes, and dishes up a treat
 From musty shelves and artistes obsolete.——
 Discovery follows, tho' secure you seem,
 Your prosy tracts with plagiarism teem
 And what you stole from German Poets dream }
 Unrivalled poetaster 'tis but meet,
 You strive with H H, Sydney's Laureate,
 Equal in poesy or ideal mind
 Another Beaumont would a Fletcher find——
 Lie in thy throat, malicious ugly knave
 Thy tongue be blistered, ere it foul the brave,
 Nor privilege of age, that coward cry
 Slur o'er thy slanders with impunity.
 Free as my will, my power, ere this had bled,
 The wretch who dared calumniate the dead——

The cannon thunders, here be known to all,
 Fall of Ballaarat and Sebastopol
 The twofold tale the bulletins unfold,
 And *Nickel* here invades the Land of Gold ——
 While England's Armies wade in blood of foes,
 They spill her own at the Antipodes——
 This ruthless sortie terror caused, 'tis plain ;
 And Glencoe's massacre's rehearsed again——
 Successful skirmish on La Plata's Bank
 Cannot bring brains as easily as rank,
 Victoria's Viceroy's brains it seems are bare
 As the strange strategy that's *fostered* there,
 May this poor policy not prove our loss,
 Nor proud St. George sink 'neath the *Starry Cross*——

Of various changes men must undergo
 See Cræsus' now, but paupers while ago
 Ask not, how they amassed their mighty wealth,
 Not easy solved, nor clean the bill of health,
 Full many a Dives on the bleak North Shore
 Has raised his mansion and his ample store
 That Blocksome couple (sunk the lodging house)

Now boasts Murœenæ Stragbourg pies and grouse,
 And hang their tiny son in golden chains
 Each link more weighty than the trio's brains——

I've placed the donkeys—Devil take the ruck—
 If they're self satisfied, the more the luck
 Those not yet posted, maybe bide their time
 For harsher stricture in more pungent rhyme——
 As for the Macs, be they Mac-adamised
 As old in fancy as their hills so prized,
 Beauty as lavish in their mind as form
 Of equal temper, or in calm or storm,
 Doomed for an age to gulp sour Camden wine
 To gnaw the juiceless fibrine of lean kine,
 From arid food, aridity of brain
 Proves here predominant the curse of Cain—
 Acid and broaxy have their pockets lined
 While Times and progress are left far behind,
 To ration rum they owe their happiest years
 And fleece but followed on their grandsire's shears
 Obeyed the proverb "made house book and child"
 I could descant, my muse cries "Draw it mild"——

The nondescripts the heterogeneous fry
 The fabled Bunyips man can't classify——
 Were I to castigate each Justice hod,
 I'd need the aid of Usher of black rod——
 Misnomer Equity, Insolvents bleed
 For stale statistics I refer to Reid,——
 (Him of long stature and more lengthy head
 As good at politics as cards' its said
 If you'd cull gleanings from his tale of tubs
 Peer in at *Perriers*, reigning kings of clubs,
 Polemics or picquet which ere he try
 'Tis five to four he gains the victory.)
 Who could a tale unfold of pounds and pence
 Of nepotism, past and present tense——
 The Council prints the trash for 'Privy' sake
 That all, who run, may read, no "Reeds mistake"——

Unstable mill-fords mere dammed clods of clay
 Yield to the tide, and leave the Deil to pay
 At Rome as Roman ; do in Botany Bay—— }
 Or search for authors thro' the learned clan
 Refer with pride to plodding Brallaghan
 Whose skill made index for the old Gazettes
 (I wish he'd tell us those who paid their debts)
Australia's volume in appropriate calf
 Upset all gravity ; as dustman's laugh
 The Crystal Palace shook ; Britannia gains,
 And copper medal pays him for his pains——

We've demi some flunkey *Monday's* book
 Well known as *Friday* on the route he took
 For ever acting the man Friday's part,
 To Crusoe Charlie, or in Deass cart——
 Whole tiresome pages with the burthen team
 Of what he is, and what he might have been,
 Warms o'er his "Punch," to that delightfull state
 When cozy gossips can deliberate,
 Espies a "gent" in Stockmans "tidy feet"
 Flea cracker, bug destroyer to the suite——
 Vile egotism and wolf's appetite
 Appear this wittings acme of delight
 How would he batten on thy salads Wright ? }
My coachman, footman, valet, and my groom,
My butcher, baker, farrier, each of whom
 Courts his fair sweetheart in the maiden's room,——
My Surgeon, daily asks "my wife" what ails her
 Monopolized each trade but undertaker——
 Shall he thus daub each "pretty wife," indeed
 Whom hospitality presents a feed ?——
 Beware how rinkled rakes rakes approach your gate
 Your maids and daughters to enumerate,
 (What matters marriage ? in this land 'tis known
 The married rake walks o'er the course alone)
 To glean a lying yarn from serving men
 To pilfer halfpence with their paltry pen,
 Which, but proclaims the want of whip at school

Misquotes from Syntax—votes their host a fool.—
 Will any tell, cui bono, is the grade,
 Of Majors General, Majors of Brigade,
 Of tottering staff whose peaceful pockets fill,
 Where all are officers and soldiers nil,
 Whose only care's sufficiency of "ale,"
 And strive to prove their wives marsupial——
 From Horse Guards patronage our shores defend'
 We'll pay the Forces ; but old crones forefend.

Pray who is " Eldershaw," where flown, where came
 I knew a dark brown mare with just that name
 Brands 8 on shoulder, 0 beneath the mane
 A good one too, she was, perhaps the same
 Sprung from '*Houghnhums*,' known in equine fame
 For '*Yahoos* loiter o'er her burnt demesne ;——
 If not a horse ; one thing is clear as glass

These dry rot leaves are leavings of an *Ass*
 Mid muffs like these Sam Raymond has a chance,
 Long latent genius shall at last advance,
 Burst from the shadows where it lay entranced
 Like angel visits 't will be more enhanced—
 Dubious and dusty dormant MSS,
 Escaped the mangle for the printing press,
 If I don't err, old bricks, said diary know
 In Eastcheap, Poultry, Paternoster-row
 Save Bannister or Baron Field 'tis clear
 Brought o'er the rubbish just to shoot it here——
 In bygone days, great nunquam dormiens " Bell "
 Fired off this squib, which hit extremely well
 As point blank range suits now as well then,
 God save the mark, why let it off again
 " The Gazette of St. Francisco offers dollars thousands five
 For the head of Peter Raymond who it seems is all alive
 Happy, happy San Francisco, better far than Sydney
 town
 Where you cannot find a Raymond with a head worth
 half-a-crown

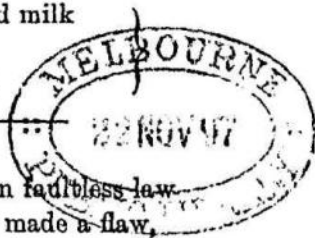
In which opinion I can't quite concur
 No, wisest mortals are least apt to err
 Yet, for that head, should my desires incline
 In bran new tile, I'd offer four-and-nine.—

Mid such a motley mass of parvenus,
 The scourges puzzled where the last lash to use—
 Legion, the name of this besotted race
 May Charon waft each to his proper place,—
 The learned Magnates of the City Bench
 Who live on crime, in atmosphere of stench
 As Dowlan Leary—shall I call the main ?
 By Jove 'tis Nick—don't envy them their gain.
 The dirtiest office finds a ready mob
 And nightman's wages, fall to nightman's job,
 Poor Dowlan's honest (rather apt to pry)
 Can't say the same of his fraternity
 From childhood plodded on till now, to cry
 I'm paid for work and not ability
 That midday meal vexated health requires
 It is my dinner, and saves kitchen fires.*
 The sword of Gideon flames in wild career
 The great Dundas Tactician Volunteer
 The gawky Scot and *Diggins* Chronicler.—
 If such recruits as this, stiff Brown, can drill,
 He well deserves a testimonial
 Of solid gold :—not gilding of the pen
 If louts, like these, ere move like gentlemen—.

The Hero see of Constitution Hill
 Whose head grows lighter as his pockets fill,
 (Bold lucky private who secured the boy
 An idiot playing with unloaded toy) —
 A grateful sovereign raised him from the ranks
 Place and promotion testify her thanks
 See now he stalks with consequential force,
 Learned too to ride !——a beggar on a horse,

* The grave and deliberate Seigniors debated for 6 hours, whether parr Dowlan should have an hour at midday to devour his bread and chop.—The £100 for cabbage was negatived.—

Reads, writes, and speaks with equal ease and grace!
 King or Kings' minion's cannot change his face.—
 Here schroffs and sheriffs follow on the scent
 From mongrel cur, to hound of high descent
 Old gossips prate how one Alexis loved
 How Ganymede a Corydon had proved.—
 See Limerick Chronicle for purest blood
 Of ketch providers downward from the flood,
 Linked to the hectic hoydens that adorn
 The ill stocked Hareems of our Golden Horn—
 'Tis here they sell the whitewashed milk
 In ample measure a là Jilk
 No cove can here the landlord bilk
 Of Garryowen na gloria—



Here slopman Argrave lays down faultless law
 Where gold must be, where nature made a flaw,
 With "*strata dipping upwards*," and such like
 With "*quartz conglomerate*," and "*downwards strike*"
 With "*axis clinical*" and "*modern schist*"
 He petrifies the wide mouthed mob who list—
 Midst combat seeking knights of present day,
 Not dub him one?—he'd shine as well as they;
 With beggar's box as full as it can hold
 He'll give a tournament on "Clotte of Gold"—
 On such ignoble heels to buckle spurs
 Were jest at chivalry, a joust for curs,
 Whose deadly vengeance, but to snarl and bite |
 Since Courts and cowards put an end to fight.—
 Here Knights abound, our Baronet has gone
 And one live Lord roams through the land alone,
 An isolated instance o'er the main,
 A genuine Peer, a peerless gentleman.—

Commissioners throng of high and low degree
 Of Courts, of Land, of Sandhills and Coogee,—
 And last and least that gold bedizened Crew
 All useless ciphers; pity 'tis 'tis true
 As bare of brains as headless turkey cock

That stills struts on, with head left on the block
 Which rare conceit's from Sterne's not Sale's Koran
 I cannot find it, but perhaps you can.—
 See this dull lout, that lengthy gawky boy,
 Just cast their quills, and bought a sharper toy,—
 Not long endured this idle bullying clique
 Who grind the digger, for the fee, they keep,
 Who, while he toils in sun (oft vain his task),
 Loll in their tents or pierce the forfeit cask——
 Much could I tell to prove the tribe's disgrace
 But spare my strictures for another place——

The City Coms. have barely yet had time
 To flush the sewers or calculate the fine
 So versatile in talent are the three
 The hydraheads of this directory——
 Generous to wink at City rates unpaid
 Or smirk approval of a fire brigade
 See universal genius of a Ray,
 Isaiah, can paraphrase, or pave the way
 While steady Darewell holds the proper cue
 So miss the stroke or make it, *entre nous*,
 And Lordly Elliott holds his nose so high,
 You'd think his function was ol-factory
 But that nice snuggery is obsolete, and Stubbs'
 Rules, sole incumbent of nocturnal tubs.——

Quibbler's, impostors, pedlars are the rest
 Of history doubtful, arrant knaves at best,
 At least the most of them, as from the *Hell*
 Emerge you see them, flushed with wine, pellmell—
 All Bent-street savours of stale ale, cigars,
 Those laugh who win, the losers curse their stars
 And that star chamber that thus *took them in*
 Where policy excluded gentlemen——
 Gaunt glutton, Dobby's nod o'er acrid wine
 By chance ne'er absent were a chance to dine.
 Nod, did I say, you'll ne'er catch Dobby napping
 At any table but at table rapping,

For like the Ortolan, 'tis but when fed
 A ray of light descends upon his head—
 Methinks this donkey of the long eared kind
 From Balaam's rod a raedy tongue would find
 And bray betray his poverty of mind—
 Here statesmen stimulate 'bedad' such 'gab'
 And Morerice moves, infected with the scab
 His fleecy clients sound in wind and limb
 The fatal murrain seems to stick to him.
 Infelix pecus! slaves to Bent-st., gents,
 Worthy the man of his constituents—
 Miasma jests of vapid *marsh* abound
 As course hilarity and lush goes round
 Should slightest scintillation sparkle,—thus
 'Tis noxious vapour, ignis fatuus
 While frequent pops of gooseberry champagne,
 Proclaim unknown the liquor law of *Mayne*:
 Who takes example from wet former *Day*
 So never soaks, except when others pay—
 While Gammay's gammon proves him thoro' game,
 And points his pedigree from noble name.—
 With arm on aide de camp (if held his tongue)
 A passing puppet mid the motley throng.—

Etruria flourished on another plan,
 And lying motto proves, no prophet, man,
 Did this fair town, as Sodom's fate, depend
 On five true men, to-day would be her end—
 The warning TEKEL, cautions, ere too late
 For clouds and darkness hover o'er her fate,
 So serpents cast your skins, from slime emerge
 Ere H. H. mourn you in immortal dirge—

Illusive as of yore strange tales it seems
 The old see visions, and the young dream dreams—
 Such were my waking visions; dreamings too,
 Pass as they will, I pars them on to you,
 Convinced each viper with envenomed tooth
 Will feel, he, bites a file, who turns on truth.—

With this I'll finish, 'ere of mopish mood
 Show snarling tooth and I'll again intrude,
 At any time or place, with hand or pen
 Dare to the Lists each petty myrmidon.
 Full many a fling, rubs rougher wait you yet
 This but the Alpha, of my Alphabet——
 Archilachuss will lend his prurient pen
 When next I note such sapient gentlemen,——
 The mirrior now reflects direct the face
 Oblique the angle, how it sweeps o'er space
 The ray now strikes direct :—but he appriz'd,
 It won't be healthy when 'tis polariz'd——

Much I foresee, predict for happier times
 When minstrels lay carol in merrier rhymes,
 When vicious truckling be a past disgrace,
 Submerged in Lethe,—springs a gen'rous race
 Who scone with sorrow and deep blushing frown,
 That, said of Sydney as of Roman town,
 This fearful truth,—('twill end my tale the faster)
 "Nec vir fortis,———" nec——fæmino casta"——*

* Robur et ces triplex for the Sydney University MAN sending the
 best tranlations to the S. M. Herald.

